

The Weekly Museum.

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The AFFECTING HISTORY of CAROLINE MONTGOMERY.—Written by Herself.

[Continued.]

I CANNOT describe the person of Montgomery. Suffice it to say, that his figure was even finer than that of his son, who resembles him very much. The warm and lively interest he took for my mother, the manly tenderness which he discovered when he saw her distress, and the trouble which he instantly undertook to encounter for us, were powerful incentives to me to admire and esteem him. I then thought him the noblest of human beings, and a few days convinced me that he deserved all the partiality my young heart had conceived for him. The new Lord Peversey, who intended to have reached my mother's house before she could have notice of his journey (and was prevented only by the zeal of the tutor who had the care of my brothers,) arrived on the third day after she had received these fatal tidings. He was a man not much turned of forty, but with a harsh and stern countenance, a large, heavy person, and a formal, cold manner. He brought with him a lawyer from England, and engaged another in France to accompany him to the house; where, with very little ceremony, he demanded of my mother all the jewels and effects of his deceased brother. Summoning all her resolution, and supported by Montgomery, who never left her, she tried to go through with this dreadful ceremony with some degree of fortitude. She delivered, with trembling hands, a star, a sword set with brilliants, and several other family jewels. She then opened a casket, in which her own were inclosed, and Lord Peversey was taking them from her, when Montgomery interfered, saying that they were her's, and he should not suffer her to part with them.

It would be tedious to relate the scenes which passed between Lord Peversey, his lawyer, and Montgomery; who finding it necessary, engaged lawyers on the part of my mother. A will of the late Lord had been found among the papers which she had put in the possession of Montgomery, in which an annuity of eight hundred a year was settled on my mother, and all his estates charged with the payment of ten thousand pounds to each of my brothers, and two to me. This will the present Lord disputed; and the contending parties prepared for law, the circumstance of the case rendering it necessary that this contention should be carried on as well in England as in France.

The spirits and health of my mother gradually declined. The friendship, the unwearied kindness of Montgomery, alone supported her: but neither his attention or mine could cure the malady of the mind, or bind up the wounds of a broken heart.

I will not detain you with relating the various expedients for accommodation which were in the course of the first month proposed by the relations of the family, who knew the tenderness the late Lord Peversey had for my mother; that he considered her as his wife; and that her conduct could not have been more unexceptionable had she really been so. Still lingering in France, and still

visiting a house into which his cruelty had introduced great misery, the proceedings of Lord Peversey wore a very extraordinary appearance. My mother now confined almost entirely to her room; and Montgomery concealed from her his uneasiness at what he remarked: but to me he spoke more freely, and told me he was very sure his Lordship had other designs than he suffered immediately to appear. In a few days the truth of his conjecture became evident. I was alone in a small room at the end of the house, where I had a harpsichord which I had removed thither since my mother's illness. She was asleep. Montgomery, on whom my imagination had long been accustomed to dwell with inexpressible delight, had been detained for two days from us. Those days had appeared two ages to me; and his absence, combined with the uneasiness of our situation, and the state of my mother's health, depressed my spirits, and I sought to sooth them by music. A little melancholy air, which I often sung to Montgomery, was before me; it expressed my feelings; and I was lost in the pleasure of expressing them, when the door from the garden opened, and Lord Peversey stalked, in his formal manner, into the room.

I arose instantly from my seat; but he took my hand, and with an air of familiarity, bade me sit down again. Then drawing a chair close to me, he looked in my face, and cried—"Sweet Caroline! she will not refuse to sing to me! She does not hate me, and will perhaps be the lovely mediatrix who shall adjust all differences between me and her mother."

"I have no power, Sir, to adjust differences," answered I, much alarmed at his look and manner. "Indeed you have, my charming girl," cried he, attempting very rudely to kiss me; "and if you will only be sensible of the same friendship for me, as your mother had for my brother, every thing he left in her possession shall be hers. Nay, I will make you sole mistress of my fortune, and she shall enjoy all the claims with her beloved Montgomery."

I cannot describe what I felt at that moment. I knew not what I said, in the first emotion of terror and anger; I flew to the door, but it was fastened. I then attempted to reach that which led to the garden, but he caught me in his arms. I shrieked, I struggled to disengage myself, while the wretch exclaimed—"Violent airs these, for the daughter of Mrs. Douglas to give herself! Pretty affectation in a girl who has been brought up on the wages of prostitution!" I heard this cruel insult, but, unable to answer, I could only redouble my cries. The monster endeavoured to argue with me; but, incapable of hearing, I tried only to escape him, when the door was broke open with great force, and Montgomery burst into the room.

Without staying to enquire into the cause of my shrieks, he flew at Lord Peversey, whom he pinioned in a moment to the waincoat. A scene followed so terrifying, that I cannot do it justice. Lord Peversey, far from apologizing for his conduct, had the brutish audacity to repeat to Montgomery his insulting sarcasm against my mother;

and dared to intimate, that he himself had taken the place of the deceased Lord. The agony into which I was thrown by the violence of Montgomery's passion, was the only thing capable of restraining it. Seeing me to all appearance dying on the floor where I had fallen, he quitted his adversary, and came to raise and restore me. Lord Peversey took that opportunity to depart, threatening however personal vengeance against Montgomery, and that he would redouble every attempt to ruin my mother, whom he again insulted with such epithets, that Montgomery was with difficulty withheld from following him, and demanding an immediate reparation. Dreadful as this scene had been, it was succeeded by one which would have made me forget all its bitterness, had not other consequences followed. When Lord Peversey was departed, Montgomery returned back to me; and while I thanked him as well as I was able, for the protection he afforded me, he confessed, with agitation almost equal to mine, that from the first moment he had seen me, he had loved me: that his affection, which had since increased; every hour, had made him extremely attentive to every thing that related to me; and that he had been long convinced of the designs of Lord Peversey, and foreseen that to obtain me, he would affect delays, and hold out hopes of compromise. "I'll however as I thought of him," continued he; "I could not have believed that his villainy would have gone such lengths, or have been so unguardedly betrayed. Now we have every thing to apprehend that money or chicanery can execute."

This was no time for reserve or affectation. I answered that I feared only what might affect his personal safety, that the threats of Lord Peversey in that respect distracted me with terror, and that I should not have a moment's tranquility till I saw a life secure which I very frankly confessed was infinitely dearer to me than my own.

It would be uninteresting to you, my dear Miss Chesterville, were I to describe the raptures of Montgomery on the discovery of my sentiments. A scene too tender to be related followed; and we were recalled from the delightful avowal of mutual passion, by a message from my mother, who had been awakened by the confusion which had happened below, and whose servants had indiscreetly told her what they knew of its occasion. As she had been informed of so much, it was impossible to conceal from her any part of what had passed. Though Montgomery softened as much as he could the opprobrious speeches which Lord Peversey had made relative to her, they sunk deeply into her mind: he saw how much she was affected, and ended the conversation as soon as he could. But when he had left us, my mother desired I would return to her, and thus spoke to me.

"Caroline, I will attempt no longer to deceive you. I feel myself dying. A few days I am convinced will terminate my life, and my sufferings. I leave my poor boys with few friends to contest the will of their father against all the weight of affluence and power. And you! oh child of my first affections, I leave you with all that fatal beauty of which my weak heart has been

foolishly proud, to encounter not merely indigence, but the baseness of a world, where your mother's character, justified I hope and believe it is in the sight of Heaven, will expose you to the insolent addresses of the profligate; where you will be told, that as the mother deviated from the narrow path of rectitude, the daughter cannot pursue it. My errors will be urged to betray my Caroline to destruction; and when she reflects on the example of her mother, she will perhaps learn to desert her precepts."

[To be continued.]

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr. Harrison,

Is requested to insert the following and much oblige a SUBSCRIBER.

The following paper was read by Mr. Carey, in the British House of Commons, on the 29th of February, the Russian Armament under consideration. The member who presented it, stated it to be the substance of an answer of the Grand Vizier to Sir Robert Amstie, the British Minister at Constantinople, during the Russian Negotiation.

THE Grand Signior wars for himself, and for himself makes peace—he can trust his own slaves, servants and subjects—he knows their faith, has experienced their virtue, and can rely upon their fidelity. A virtue long since banished your corner of Europe. If all other christians tell truth no reliance is to be had on England, she buys and sells all mankind. The Ottomans have no connection with your King, nor your country—we never sought for your advice, your interference or friendship; we have no minister, no agency, no correspondence with you; for what reason offer ye then to meditate for us with Russia? Why seek ye to serve an empire of Infidels, as ye call us Mussulmen? We want not your friendship, aid, or meditation. Your Vizier, of whom you speak so highly, must have some project of deception in view, oppressive scheme to amuse your nation, whom we are told are credulous, servile, and adorers of money. Avarice, if we are well informed, is your chief characteristic; you would buy and sell your God: Money is your deity; and all things is commerce with your ministry, with your nation. Come you then to sell us to Russia? No, let us bargain for ourselves: When fate has spun out the thread of our good fortune, we must yield; what has been decreed by God and the prophet of men, must and will come to pass. We Ottomans know no finess. Duplicity and cunning are your Christian morals. We are not ashamed to be honest, downright, plain and faithful in our state-maxims. If we fall in war we submit to the will of Heaven, decreed from the beginning. We have long lived in splendor the first power on earth, and we glory in having triumphed for ages over christian infidelity and depravity, mixed with all sorts of vice and hypocrisy; we adore the God of nature, and believe in Mahomet. You neither believe in the God you pretend to worship, nor his Son, whom you call both your God and your Prophet. What reliance can there be upon such a sacrilegious race? Truth you banish as you do virtue, from all your conduct and actions with each other; read the catalogue of the complaints, manifestoes, declarations and remonstrances of all the christian Kings, Monarchs, and Emperors, who have lived and warred with each other; you find them all equally blasphemous, equally perfidious, equally cruel, unjust and faithless to their engagements. Did the Turk ever forfeit his promise, word, or honor? No! Did ever a christian power keep an engagement, but while it suited his own avarice or ambition? No! How then do you think

we are to trust you, a nation at this moment, if told truth, ruled by a perfidious administration, without one grain of virtue to guide the machine of State? The Grand Signior has no public intercourse with your court; he wants none. If you wish to remain here, either as a spy, or, as you term yourself, an Ambassador for your court, you may live with those of other christian nations, while you demean yourself with propriety; but we want neither your aid by sea or land, nor your counsel or meditation. I have no order to thank you for your offer, because it is by the Divan deemed officious; nor have I any command to thank you for the offer of your naval assistance, because it is what the Porte never dreamed of admitting into our seas. What you have to do with Russia we neither know or care; our concerns with that court we mean to finish, as suits ourselves, and the maxims of our laws and state-policy.

If you are not the most profligate christian nation, as you are charged to be, you are undoubtedly the boldest, in effrontery, in offering to bring such a power as Russia to terms; such as you and some other trivial christians united, fancy yourselves equal to command—we know better, and therefore this effrontery of yours amounts rather to audacity; and to an imbecile dictation, which must render your councils at home mean and contemptible, and your advice abroad, unworthy of wisdom, or attention from any power, much less the regard of the Porte, which on all occasions wherein its ministers had listened to you, have experienced evil, either in your designs or in your ignorance—His sublime Highness can not be too much upon his guard against the attempts and presumption of a nation so perfidious to the interest of its subjects (or colonists)—but it is the usual way of christian Princes to sell and cede over their subjects to each other for money. Every peace made among you, as we are well informed, is made favourable to the King that best bribes. The Ottoman ministry have too long and too often given ear to European councils, and as often as they did so, they either were betrayed, sold, or deceived—away then with your interference for the Porte with Russia.

It has been your aim to embroil all mankind, and thereafter to profit by your perfidy. We ask not, want not, nor desire your commerce, because our merchants have been sacrificed to your double dealings, you have no religion, but gain—avarice is your only God, and the christian faith you profess, is but a mask for your hypocrisy—we will hear no more from you—therefore you are commanded to make no reply.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

In praise of all my Soul holds dear; Amiable SALLY of the CHOP-HOUSE.

DEAR Sally, emblem of thy chop-house ware,
As broth reviving, and as white bread fair,
As small beer grateful, and as pepper strong;
As beef-steak tender, as fresh pot-herbs young;
As sharp as knife, and piercing as a fork,
Soft as new butter, white as fairest pork;
Sweet as young mutton, brisk as bottled beer,
Smooth as is oil—juicy as cucumber,
And bright as cruet, void of Vinegar.
Oh! Sally could I turn and shift my love,
With the same skill that you your steaks can move,
My heart thus cook'd might prove a chop house feast
And you alone shou'd be the welcome guest.
But dearest Sal! the flames that you impart,
Like chop on gridiron, broil my tender heart;
Which if thy kindly helping hand be'n't nigh,
Must melt an untorn'd chop, burn hiss and fry;
And last at last thou scorcher of my soul,
Shrink, and become an undistinguish'd coal.
O. M. FLAMING-DARTS.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

I Parted, last night, from my fair,
With many a sigh I retir'd;
For tenderness breath'd in the air,
And each object lost passions inspir'd.
By the silver moon's soft'ning light,
Her beauties more lovely appear'd;
And borne on the breezes of night,
Her voice more harmonious was heard.
All silent around us remain'd
Except the sweet charm of her tongue;
While Echo, enamour'd, retain'd
And softly repeated the song.
But quick as the pulses of love,
Those moments of happiness flew;
Condemn'd from my bliss to remove,
Reluctant I sigh'd out adieu!
Yet when to my couch I retir'd,
Kind Fancy repeated my joys;
Her beauty again I admir'd,
Again I was charm'd with her voice.
Would heaven my wishes requite,
Thus I'd ever desire to be blest,
With her beauties to beam on my sight,
And her image to sweeten my rest.
New-York, July 30. SLENDER.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

An ADDRESS to Miss JULIAN MANDERVIL.

AND have I strove in vain to move,
Thy heart fair phantom of my love?
And couldst thou think 'twas my design
Calmly to list thy notes divine
That I responsive lays might send,
To gain a cold platonic friend?
Far other hopes thy pen inspir'd,
And all my breast with passion fir'd;
For fancy to my mind had given
Thy form, as of the forms of heaven,
Had bath'd thy lips with venial dew,
Had touch'd thy cheek with morning's hue;
And down thy neck had sweetly roll'd,
Luxuriant locks of mazy gold.
Yes I had hopes at last to press,
And lure thee to the chaste caress;
Catch from thy breast the quiv'ring sigh,
And meet the murder of thine eye.
Ah! when I deem'd such joys at hand,
Remorseless comes thy stern command,
Nor calls my wandering footsteps home,
But far, and father bids me roam:
And then thy vestal notes dispense
The need of cold indifference!
Curs't pow'r! that to myself unknown,
Still turns the heart I love to stone!
Dwells with the fair whom most I prize,
And scorns my tears and mocks my sighs,
And curst be Z—'s subtle arts,
A known seducer of all female hearts;
I've seen your letters and know well his plan,
Unworthy is he to be rank'd with man.
Or in your feeling heart to hold a place,
He's bent on your destruction and disgrace.

ANSWER.

Miss JULIAN begs leave to request Mr. W—'s reason for endeavouring to impress her mind with such unfavourable sentiments respecting Mr. Z— assuring him at the same time, that the stratagems he has laid, to ascertain her name, and obtain an introduction, are and will prove ineffectual; and unless Mr. W— can evidence his acquaintance with Mr. Z— and his determinations, by informing Julian of the token Mr. Z— has, by which means he is to obtain an acquaintance with her, she will believe him to be the designing worthless character represented in his paper. She likewise

assures Mr. W— that she is several years under 27 free from all engagements and perfectly disposed to remain so.—

“—Does calm indifference dwell,
“ Or the low mead, or mountain swell?
“ Oh tell me where,
“ And thou shalt find me there.”

NEW-YORK, September 1.

HURRICANE.

Baffterre, (St. Christophers) August 6.—On Wednesday the 1st inst. most of the ships in this road were preparing to depart for Europe; but from the multiplicity of business to be done on that day, none of the commanders could get on board before the evening, when from the strong wind and heavy swell which then prevailed, every effort that was made to get the ships under way, proved fruitless. In the morning of Thursday, a most distressing scene presented itself, for the wind which had shifted in the course of the night from the north to the west, south-west, and south, blew a violent gale, which precluded every endeavour to get to sea. In this dreadful situation most of the vessels dragged their anchors, and for some time it was expected that none of them could ride out the storm. The brig George and Margaret, Capt. Ashington, which was ready to sail for London; the Isabella, Capt. Carnegie, nearly loaded, and to have sailed in a few days for Glasgow, were stranded; as also the sloop India Castle, Capt. Brasden, the property of Messrs. Clifton, King and Co. the schooner Convert, Capt. Pawson, the property of Mr. Thomas Waddy, and the schooner Friends, the little all of the Captain Mathew Lifford; these vessels were providentially drove so near the shore, that the respective crews got to land without any lives being lost. All the fugars on board the ship and the brig, some on board the smaller vessels, are lost. The Friends are gone to pieces, the others now lay stranded.

About eight o'clock in the morning, the ship Britant, all fully loaded, and passengers on board, parted her cables and struck on the bar about 200 yards from the shore; at which time a boat with much difficulty got along side. Joseph M. Wood-year, Esq. who was one of the passengers, got in the boat not with a view to personal safety, but for the purpose of making a hazardous attempt to carry a rope to the shore, which was made fast to a raft that had been previously constructed; the rope unfortunately broke as soon as he got to the shore, and although several attempts were made to get the boat off again, none of them proved successful.

The ship sustained the fury of the boisterous waves from eight till about ten o'clock, when she began to go to pieces, and then the most grievous scene presented itself to the spectators on shore—the more so, as not the least assistance could be given to the unfortunate sufferers. Attempts were made by some of the crew to reach the shore, in which several perished—a few were saved. The Capt. with a few others continued on the wreck till three o'clock, when he was so exhausted that he either lost his hold or quitted the wreck—the most vigorous endeavours were now made to rescue him from the watery grave, he was brought on shore, but so far spent that every means used for his recovery proved ineffectual.—Mrs. Moore and her two children, and three soldiers, with two women and a child were passengers, all of whom perished, except one soldier, with several of the crew.—There were 32 people on board, of which only ten survived—the bodies of all the others were found and interred on Friday last.

Capt. Woodyear was a gentleman deservedly esteemed in life, and very generally lamented in

death. He has left a widow and three children to bewail his untimely end.

The brig —, Capt. Sotterthwaite, is stranded at Old road, and a negro man drowned.

SHIP NEWS.

Norfolk, Aug. 8.—Last Wednesday arrived here the sloop Matty, John Evans, master, from Antigua: In lat 35, 12, N. long. 71, 21, W. saw a sloop bottom upwards, with her sails and rigging hanging under her, apparently a new vessel of about 30 feet keel, loaded with lumber by the quantity of shingles which were about her—could not make out her name.

Philadelphia, Aug. 25.—Capt. Saltus, of the sloop Mary, arrived last Tuesday from St. Kitts and Eustatia, brings accounts of a very severe gale of wind, which came on the 1st of the present month, at four o'clock P. M. The wind looked from East, to N. N. E. beginning to blow a hurricane. At ten P. M. it came to N. N. W. still continuing to blow a hurricane. On the 2d. of Aug. at two o'clock A. M. the wind veered round to W. S. W. the hurricane blowing as violent as ever till two in the afternoon, when it began to abate. During the hurricane, the ship Britania of London, Woodger, master, that was ready for sea, with 650 hogheads of sugar and 150 bales cotton, broke from her anchors, and went on there at St. Kitts. The Capt. eight gentlemen and ladies passengers, and his crew, all perished except the second mate, the steward and a little boy, son of one of the ladies who were passengers. The ship Isabella, Carvey, master, with two brigs, two schooners, and two sloops also went on shore at St. Kitts, but the crew were saved. At Nevis, a London ship that was ready for sea went on shore. At St. Eustatia, A Dutch ship, with 500 hogheads of sugar, was driven on shore and lost; the people saved: also went on shore an American sloop and two English vessels. On the 2d. Aug. a brig in putting to sea went on shore on the West side of St. Eustatia; her crew all perished. Several vessels put to sea out of St. Eustatia road, most of whom returned on the 3d. of August, without any damage. Great number of houses were blown down, and people killed in St. Bartholomew: two vessels on shore there, and the greater part of their cargoes perished.

Aug. 29.—By the schooner Post Chaise, we are informed that they picked up two men off the wreck of the schooner, of Newbury Port, who was cast away in the gale on the 6th. The Post Chaise failed first from Barbadoes and went into Bermuda, where the two men were put on shore, viz. Capt. Adams and a sailor, — Stanwood. The mate and crew of the Fame had all perished. *Extra of a letter, dated Macao, December 13, 1791, to a gentleman in Boston.*

“Capt. Kendrick had his vessel attacked on the coast, and the natives got possession of his deck; however, after killing about 40 natives, they recovered her; the natives had so far possession, that they handed over into their canoes iron, copper, guns, &c. without leave or licence. I forgot in my last, to mention to you I discovered seven islands in the South seas, which I am sure, from an examination of the different voyages from the year 1400 to the present date, all my charts and globes of modern date, were never discovered before; they are between the Marquesa's and the Sandwich Isles. My journals being on board, puts it out of my power to transmit you, by the present conveyance, their particular lat. and long. However, the French ship I mentioned to you in my last, arrived here from the N. W. saw three of them, and claimed them as a new discovery; but, on examining my journals, the Isles they had seen were the same we had seen a month before them.”

That our countrymen are not allowed to sell their furs in China, is certain—and it is equally

certain it is not as has been said, through the British influence—as we find they equally suffer—in the London price current of the 20th April, the General Coote, Capt. Baldwin from China, entered 15 cases of Sea Otter skins, brought from Canton.

MARRIED

On Thursday evening the 23d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Capt. ARCHIBALD MAXWELL, of Washington, North-Carolina, to Mrs. HESTER C. CULLEN, of this city.

On Sunday last, at Newtown, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Woodhull, Mr. JOHN VAN DEWATER, to the agreeable Miss MARIA LOW, both of this city.

Same evening, at Gravesend, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Lowe, Mr. JOHN C. FREICK, Merchant, of this city, to Miss MARTHA STIIWELL of that place.

On Wednesday evening, last, by the Rev. Mr. Morrel, Mr. JACOB MOTT, to Miss MARY SMITH, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Smith, of this city.

“Take unto thyself a wife, and obey the Ordinance of God—Take unto thyself a wife, and become a good member of Society.”

DIED

On Saturday morning last, Mr. WILLIAM BACKHOUSE, Merchant of this city.

On Monday last, Mr. PETER KETELTAS, in the 72d year of his age. He had been for many years a respectable merchant of this city.

NOTICE.

A QUARTERLY MEETING of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen of the City of New-York, will be held at the house of Mrs. Amory, on Wednesday next at seven o'clock, P. M.

JOHN ELSWORTH, Sec'y.

September 1, 1792.

LAST DAY.

At a meeting of the directors of the New-York Tammanial Tontine, held at the city tavern on Wednesday evening the 15th August, 1792.—

The following Resolutions were passed—

RESOLVED, That the third payment on Shares in the Tammanial Tontine, be made on or before the first day of September next, three fourths of which to be made in Scrip, (the Treasurer allowing for each Scrip, or representative of one share, 8 dollars) the other fourth being receivable only in cash.

RESOLVED, That the fourth or last payment on shares in the Tontine be made on or before the first day of October next, three fourths of which to be made in Scrip, (the Treasurer allowing for each Scrip, or representative of one share 12 dollars) the other fourth being receivable only in cash—Provided nevertheless, that any Stockholder be at liberty to make the third and fourth payment on or before the first day of September.

RESOLVED, That the nominees be named and regularly entered into the Secretary's books, on or before the first day of November next.

For the information of the stockholders, Resolved, That the following extract from the constitution be published.

“That it shall be the duty of the Secretary, to keep a description book, in which shall be entered the names of the subscribers, or members, the nominees or persons, whose lives are subscribed on, their age, stature, complexion, place of abode, and their parents, with the number of shares subscribed on each life.”

Ordered that the Secretary cause the preceding Resolutions to be published.

A true copy from the minutes.

BENJAMIN STRONG, Sec'y

The COURT of APOLLO.

The GOOD WIFE.

WHILE in the labyrinth that fashion forms,
Some Wives are lost, and round its mazes roam;
The good wife guards her children from the forms
That life annexes to this transient home.
Content to see their new ideas rise,
And their young heads get nearer to the skies.

Music can thrill thro' many a nervous fair,
Whose nerves no infant accents ever mov'd;
Stage mimic misery draw the chrysal tear,
And mimic lovers show them how they lov'd.
Music and love wait here the husband's step,
And her's the sorrow when her children weep.

Rais'd where at mountain-height Hygeia lives,
Above the glare that gaudy grandeur shows;
The trusty, good wife raises future wives,
And her kind breast with kindlier transport glows,
As pleas'd she views the prattling brood increase
And each new comer bring the branch of peace.

Tho' gewgaw gaiety should shun her away,
And science spurn her from his lofty height,
'Tis not for her to flash—a "meteor day,"
Or trace the comet in his vagrant flight.
Enough she knows, her seasons roll serene,
Her good man happy, and her infants clean.

The Sun's first light still sees the good Wife rise,
His ray of noon still cheers her useful toil,
His last faint beam oft lingers in the skies,
As loth the tender intercourse to spoil.
And tenderly night that shields her while at rest,
Light lays his shadow on her peaceful breast.

A SAILOR'S REFLECTION on seeing a House at ANCHOR.

WHAT's that I see? a house at anchor,
Not rig'd, nor have the lubbers plank'd her;
They cannot sure fear shoals or rocks,
Whilst thus she's fast upon the stocks:
When launch'd and cabin has good store in,
'Twill then be time to think of mooring.
She looms quite large, a double decker,
Must be a gale to over set her;
But 'vast, what this has been to pay,
Her upper works have given way;
I think her owners might afford,
To keep, at least, a watch on board—
A hand or two, that's strong and able,
If storms should rise to pay out cable!

LAW ANECDOTE.

THE Emperor of Morocco's Ambassador, in the reign of Charles the second, visiting among other places, Westminster Hall, asked his interpreter, what was the profession of the gentlemen walking up and down in it? who replied, "The Law." The Ambassador seemed alarmed at the reply, and shaking his head at the vast multitude of professors, said, "in his master's dominions, the infinitely more extensive, there was but two of that profession allowed, one of whom the Emperor had been obliged to hang, to preserve peace and good humour among his people; and the other he always kept chained up, to prevent his doing mischief."

THE MORALIST.

CHRISTIANITY has but two, capital features; love to God, evidenced in acts of piety; and good will towards man, exemplified in all the possibility of doing good. As devotion, however necessary, can bring no profit to our Maker, any more than a little taper can add to the splendours of the sun, the scriptures have laid the greatest stress on charity to our fellow creatures. This is called the "end of the commandment;" it is the embodying of our piety, and the world could not subsist without it. Human life is full of woes. Charity is the angel, that binds up the sores of our fellow creatures, heals the broken heart, clothes the naked, and feeds the hungry. The poor are made the representatives of Christ; whatever we give to them, is, in scripture language, bestowed on the Saviour. Moth and rust corrupt the treasures we hoard up, but this is placed in those funds of Heaven, which never fail.

The Saviour has said, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." And the pleasures which spring from charity, prove its origin to the divine. What value has a heap of money, or what conscious dignity do we derive from it, if it is not employed in giving comfort to the miserable, and protection to the distressed?

A New Invention,

To fix Artificial Teeth with springs, in such a manner that they may be put in and taken out by the person wearing them with ease, and in a moment. They save the trouble of tying and cannot be perceived, as to their appearance or fastening from natural teeth. Made by

J. GREENWOOD
APPROVED SURGEON DENTIST.

No. 5, Velez Street, opposite the north-east side of St. Paul's Church, who

INFORMS his fellow citizens and the public in general, that he has ever had the approbation of those who have employed him, being the first families in the United States, as well as foreigners, he transplants teeth, cleans and draws teeth, cures the scurvy in the gums, makes and fixes artificial teeth in many different ways, some of which are entirely peculiar to himself, and done in so neat a manner, that he will defy any indifferent person to tell them from the natural ones—they are a great help in speaking and eating, and a great ornament; and if they cannot be fixed to answer the above purposes, Mr. Greenwood will with candour, tell you.

As many people are discouraged, and likewise prevents others from having any thing done to preserve their teeth, or have artificial ones fixed in, owing to the uselessness of those they employed; and as there is many not well acquainted with the profession of a dentist, care should be taken to prevent bad consequences, by a little enquiry, as this profession is like many others curious in itself, and not to be acquired in a short time.

Mr. Greenwood informs those who wish to be further satisfied as to his abilities that he has regularly acquired the art and skill of a dentist from his father, who is well known to be eminent in the line of that profession now and for thirty years past; and that in the course of eight years successful practice in this city, he has seen many performances in his line, that were done in different parts of the globe, and none but what he could excel. His performances will convince the truth of the above assertions.

N. B. The extensiveness of his practice enables him to set his prices low, that every one may be benefited. Dentifrice for cleaning the teeth, 2/6 per box, and 24/ per dozen.

JAMES YEOULE, CUTLER and GUN-SMITH.

No. 50, Beckman-Street, near St. George's Chapel,
BEGETS leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he carries on the Cutlery business in all its various branches, manufactures Surgeons instruments, Razors, Knives, Scissors, Bandages or Trusses, for ruptures.—All kinds of Cutlery and Gun work cleaned, ground, and repaired on reasonable terms, with fidelity and dispatch.
N. B. Swords for the army made on the cheapest and best terms by said Yeuile.
New-York, July 21, 1792 6c.

TO THE CURIOUS.

WILL be exhibited for an evening's entertainment, at the corner of Beckman and Gold-Street, that most pleasing and extraordinary phenomenon of art,

THE WAX SPEAKING FIGURE,
which is suspended by a ribbon in the centre of a beautiful Temple, elegantly decorated, and is calculated to please and surprise, by returning pertinent and agreeable answers to any questions proposed to it, whether spoken in a low whisper or in an audible voice. It will also ask questions which are always consistent with decency and propriety. The beholder may truly exclaim with the emphatic Poet of nature, as though he had this very figure in his mind's eye.

"I, tho' inanimate, can hold discourse,
"And with the powers of reason seems inspir'd."
In the same room is to be seen, other wax figures, a brilliant diamond Beetle, a small Paradox, and Alarm against House-Breaking and Fire.—Admittance to Ladies and Gentlemen at 2/ each, and Children 1/ each, from 7 until 10 o'clock every evening (Sundays excepted.) 18th

S K I N N E R,

Surgeon Dentist,

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, he has removed to No. 56, corner of Beckman and William-Street, where he will with pleasure receive the orders of those Ladies and Gentlemen who please to honor him with their commands.

Mr. SKINNER embraces this opportunity of expressing his gratitude for the patronage he has hitherto been honored with in the line of his profession, and hopes by a constant exertion of his abilities, and a studious endeavour to please, to merit every favor; he performs every operation incident to the Teeth and Gums, and can furnish even those who have been so unfortunate as to lose the whole of their teeth, with any number from a single tooth to a complete whole set. He hopes to avoid imputation, when with confidence he asserts his ability to effect a permanent cure in a few minutes for the most excruciating pain proceeding from carious teeth, without extracting them.

Mr. SKINNER substitutes Artificial Eyes in such a manner, as to hide the deformity occasioned by the loss of an eye, and which cannot be distinguished by strict inspection from the natural eye. He demands no fee for performing any operation, unless it equals the most sanguine expectations.

SKINNER'S Dentifrice Powder and Tincture for whitening and preserving the Teeth from decay, and eradicating the Scurvy in the Gums; sold by appointment at the Inspected Medicinal Store of Messrs. Lawrence & Livsey, Queen-Street, Messrs. Wainwright & Caldwell, Apothecaries, Hanover-Square, and by the Proprietor: price 2/6 each, or 24/ per dozen.

Mr. SKINNER has just received from London, a quantity of the celebrated Ruspini's Styptic for stopping violent Hemorrhages or bleeding; the virtues of this well known Medicine are such as need no recommendation, trial will prove its astonishing efficacy.
May 19.